

## GENERAL GRANT AS A FAMILY MAN.

By Mrs. Williams, Formerly Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas.



MRS. WILLIAMS, wife of Adjutant-General Williams, U. S. A., formerly Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, has a fund of interesting reminiscences in regard to the days of the Grant inauguration in Washington, and of the time preceding, when General and Mrs. Grant first came to the Capital. The famous beauty was a near neighbor of the Grants. At the time she had just been married to her second husband. General Williams was one of the most intimate friends the Grants had in Washington. Mrs. Williams represents the old time aristocracy of Washington, inasmuch as she was the daughter of Hon. Richard Cutts, who successively held the positions of Representative from Massachusetts, Purveyor-General of the war of 1812, appointed by President Madison, and later Comptroller of the United States Treasury. Mrs. Williams was a niece of Dolly Madison, her mother being a sister of the President's wife. It was in the Dolly Madison house that Mrs. Williams was born. Thus brought up from earliest childhood in the atmosphere of the White House, it may be readily understood that Mrs. Williams should now be fortunate in having personal reminiscences of a majority of the famous men and women who have gone from that time to the present to make up the history of this country. In speaking of the famous General and his family, Mrs. General Williams said:

My memory of General and Mrs. Grant is a more than ordinarily pleasant one. How could it be otherwise with any one who ever really knew them upon terms of intimacy? General Grant, in his quiet way, was one of the most courteous men I ever met. Never in any sense a lady's man, he was nevertheless deferential to all women, treating them with an innate politeness that arose, I am sure, from the almost ideally happy life he led with his wife. To her he was ever the tender, solicitous lover, while her devotion to him was equally well known. Indeed, they were noted throughout army circles for this quiet, unostentatious, but really deep, attachment to each

society were drawn far more closely than at present, and as a rule the resident set did not attend inaugural balls. Strange as it may seem, I who have lived in Washington nearly all of my life, and during the earlier portion of it been prominent in official life, have never attended a single inaugural ball, notwithstanding the statement frequently made that as the wife of Stephen A. Douglas I went to the Lincoln Inaugural ball and entered the room on the arm of the President. But that particular ball given on the evening of the first Grant inaugural, was, I know, famous for the brilliant display.

The White House, with Mrs. Grant as first lady of the land, was a pleasant place, not only to her old friends, but for strangers from all over the Union. If I were asked to name the trio of women who have been most popular as hostesses in the White House, I should unhesitatingly name Harriet Lane Johnston, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Cleveland. They are women for the American people to be proud of. Furthermore, they have each been noted for their elegant dressing while in the White House. Mrs. Grant's favorite material for her gowns was of black velvet, and her color violet, which latterly has been as well the favorite of Mrs. Cleveland.

General Williams, as a young man, served under General Grant, and the friendship thus started was more strongly cemented with the passing years. It is a friendship we have been glad to continue with Mrs. Grant up to the present time. Indeed, it was to General Grant I first made announcement of my engagement to General Williams. At that time I had been a widow for nearly five years, my previous married life with Mr. Douglas having covered a period of four and a half years.

My grandfather U. S. Grant was born April 27, 1822. He died 1885.  
My grandmother always gives each of her grandchildren a gold piece on his birthday. I remember my grandfather quite well.

## LITTLE JULIA DENT GRANT'S ESSAY ON HER GRANDFATHER.

Mrs. Grant gave her grandchild and namesake, Julia Dent Grant, an essay to write the other day. The subject was "My Grandfather," and this was the result:

"My grandfather, U. S. Grant, was born April 27, 1822. He died 1885. My grandmother always gives each of her grandchildren a gold piece on his birthday. I remember my grandfather quite well."

other. They entertained after the pleasantest fashion imaginable.

Mrs. Grant was a warm-hearted, affable woman, possessing then, as now, a simplicity of manner that is one of her most attractive characteristics. General Grant was ever the quiet, dignified, polite man that gained him such hosts of world-wide friends when later he was elected head of the nation. The family was indeed a charming one, for at that time Mrs. Grant's father, Judge Dent, a courtly gentleman of the old school, made his home with them.

Nellie Grant (Mrs. Sartoris) was at the time of which I speak but a little girl, and often ran in to see me with her school friends, as sweet and unaffected a child as I ever knew.

When General Grant was nominated we went quite wild with enthusiasm, his friends in Washington vying with each other in their demonstrations of delight that he should have been selected for President. The city was in a tumult over the preparations for the inauguration, the stir being greater at that time than I have ever known it since, because it seemed as though the highest honor in the gift of the people had not only been bestowed upon the greatest soldier of the war, but that it was actually a Washington man who had been picked out of the entire nation for this honor.

While numerically the crowds in attendance upon that inauguration cannot compare with those of the past few inaugurations, perhaps it was to my mind the greatest demonstration the American people have ever accorded a President. The decorations had a meaning then they could not possess at this time, because many of the flags used then are now carefully preserved in museums throughout the country as sacred relics.

Then the avenue throughout its entire length was gay with the battle flags of the nation. The men who marched in the inaugural procession were for the most part the gallant old soldiers who had fought on countless battle fields for the Stars and Stripes of the Union—brave fellows, who have long since passed away, leaving but a handful of their comrades to take part in any similar processions of the present day.

The military display at the first Grant inauguration has never been surpassed. It undoubtedly never will be in the history of the country.

This was the case at the ball that followed in the evening; but of that I can speak only by hearsay. You know in those days the lines in Washington

## The Protest of the Ruffle.

"IT SEEMS to me," remarked the Ruffle, "that the Tucks are putting on a lot of airs lately. The first thing we know they'll leave the White Goods Union and start out for themselves."

"Is that your unbiased opinion?" asked the Seam. "Now, it strikes me that the Tucks are only a bit clannish; they keep to themselves a good deal; but for my part, I try to keep straight myself, and don't put in much time worrying about other people."

"The Tucks are decidedly above you, mercy knows!" exclaimed the Front Breadth, as the Ruffle passed her way.

The Pocket had been staring open-mouthed at the scene, and the Thread, seizing the opportunity, dropped into a dark corner for a quiet nap.

"I used to be quite chummy with the Tucks," the Hem remarked, "but I've thought lately that the Ruffle came between us."

"You're narrow! You gauge all the world by your own little standard," sneered the Back Breadth. "Where's the Thread?"

"In the Pocket, probably. She's always stuffing herself."

"Ladies!" The Band straightened herself to her full length. She was pale, but firm. "I call the association to order. These scenes are a disgrace to the cloth. They not only occur at the meetings, but every day some one buttonholes me with a grievance."

"Hear! Hear!" cried the Button, and was promptly chilled to the bone by an icy glare from the Band, who resumed her remarks.

"Now, the Ruffle is at the bottom of all this. As president of this association I have tried to preserve order among you, aided by my private secretary, the Needle. We have held you together, but you will soon go to pieces if the Ruffle is not brought to terms." She finished amid a rustle of applause.

"Well," said the Ruffle, drawing herself up. "I can be saucy, too! You can't suppress me, let me tell you, and you can't put me out of your old union, either, for I'm going out to join the Neck Wear Club with my aunt, the Feather Boa, so ta ta!" And out she flourished, accompanied by her bosom friend, the Gathering String.